Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. P. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS. } MONTROSE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1858. { H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER—VOL. 4.—NO. 33.

AT THE WELL.

She stood beside the ancient well,
Like some enchanted water sprite,
The rosy sunset round her fell,
Flushing her form with glowing light.

No rustic was she, though she dipped
Her bucket in the fountain deep,
Laughing to see how silvery dripped
The water from the bending sweep.

Never angel troubled pool—
As the old legends love to say—
An angel stirred the waters cool
Within that well at close of day.

The sunset's gold was not more bright
Than the rich tresses of her hair,
Just where they rounded to the light,
While nestling on her shoulders fair.

Eyes laughing, and yet full of pride,
And fuller still of love and hope;
And cheeks as delicately dyed
As flowers which in the moonlight ope.

The lips half parted, and yet mute,
The dazzling arm—the slender form,
Light perched upon one slender foot—
All bathed in rosy radiance warm!

As if to greet her own bright eyes,
She bent above the mossy curb,
I longed, yet feared, by some surprise,
The beauteous vision to disturb.

"Will give a thirsty traveler drink?"
She gave it, with a blush divine;
Which blinded me, that I did think
'Twas Hebe standing on the brink
Of Helicon, and dipping wine
In goblets that like gold did shine.

JOURNAL OF REV. H. H. JESSUP.

TRIPOLI, Syria, June 9th, 1858.

YESTERDAY we sent about one hundred pages of letters home. To-day Mr. Lyons went on a little tour to some of the villages. Ellis went with him, and much to our surprise, so did Saleh, our Moslem friend. It is probably the first time that a Moslem has accompanied a missionary on a preaching tour. They visited the Convent of Belmonde, about three hours south of Tripoli; and Saleh joined in the discussion with the Greek Monks, rebuking them for their picture worship and rum drinking. This Saleh is an interesting man; of a generous disposition and a very warm friend of ours, declaring everywhere in the city that the Protestant religion is the only true religion besides Islamism, and even may be right and the religion of Islam in the wrong. C. has walked out with me to the gardens to-day to enjoy the luxurious apricots which are now fully ripe.—Yanni was with us, and told us that the reason why the Baghdad Moslem Yusef did not go in the French steamer was that the French Consul, Mr. Blanche, refused to give the man a passport for him telling them that Yusef was a Protestant, and he was not going to make the American Consul his enemy by sending away by force an avowed Protestant. At sundown Lorenzo returned, having enjoyed the day's ride, and Saleh seemed to have enjoyed it as much as any of them.

THURSDAY, June 10.—This morning while I was studying, Saleh came in and spent two hours in discussion with Mr. Lyons. He defends his own religion most earnestly, and yet seems willing to hear about Christianity, that too with candor and attention. He is utterly fearless, and says what he thinks in all places and at all times. Some of the Moslems begin to fear that he is going to apostatize, but he tells them that that is none of their business.

This afternoon, I called on Abu Selim, and learned that the school is prospering. This evening, Hanna the plasterer and Giurgius the carpenter have been in to talk about commencing work on the church on Monday next.

We are all well as usual. We have no rain in these days, and do not expect any more until next October.

FRIDAY, June 11.—Clear. North wind, rather warm. The North wind here is always enervating, while the West winds are cool and delightful. This morning Sheikh Abu Hamid, the Metwaleh from Kefr Hilda, a village near Duma, called to see us. He is the man who felt so badly last Summer at the loss of his wife, because she cost him three thousand piasters. He is also the man to whom I sent the garden seeds to be planted on the mountain. He is a most inveterate beggar. I do not think that he ever called on us without wishing to borrow money, and he has never obtained any yet. This morning he wished about three dollars to have his sword repaired, and said, "Now Howadji, it is only a little, and I have no money, as my silk crop has failed, and I love you very much." As he is never known to speak the truth to excess, we did not believe him, but advised him to sell his sword and become a peaceable man. At first he asked us seventy-five piasters and then came down to ten, which we would not give him. He then left us, bowing most obsequiously, and declaring that he loved us more than he could express, and that he hoped we would still cherish him in the circle of our friends. He is one of the odd characters whom we meet with in our Syrian life.

We have been trying to get a little piece of land of one of the property owners, next to our church building, in order to have a space for an entrance and room to put up a bell. As it is, we have the door on the street, and are to have two doors inside which will necessitate a partition, and thus take up much of our room. To-day I went to Yanni's to confer with a Moslem Moolah, named Abu Hassan, about buying from him a little strip of land about ten feet front and twenty feet deep, lying next to our church on the south side. I expected to get it for about forty dollars. What, then, was my amazement when he charged three hundred dollars for it just as it is, whereas our church covers six times as much space next to it, and we paid only two hundred and eighty dollars for it, building and all. I told the man that I would have no more to say to him about the land, for even supposing that he would come down one half, as is usual in the East, it would then be three times as much as we think right. The man then went on to say that the two walls of our church adjoining his land both belonged to him, and he should forbid us from opening windows toward his property. I told him that the walls of our house belonged to us, in the view of all the stone masons and builders, and we should make as many windows as we chose, without referring to him, for we love the light and not darkness. The old man tried to intimidate us by saying that he should stop up the windows; but we told him to be careful how he interfered with American property. There has been a great stir in the city to-day. The Moslem Effendis are notoriously the most conceited and insolent class of men in the city. They lose no opportunity to oppress the poor, and impose upon those who have no means of redress. This morning a dozen Moslem muleteers from one of the villages south of Tripoli, brought into the city twelve mule loads of lime for a Greek named Michael Tromb, who is under American protection. The Moslem Effendis have a custom of seizing all of the lime which comes into the city and then selling it out at their own price. It is a most iniquitous business, but the government is so despicable that in most cases there is no redress. So this morning the Moslems seized the mules, and took the lime to the house of a famous Effendi named Sandrusy, who is the most iniquitous of them all. His daughter is engaged to the Governor's son, and he shares the bribes which the Governor receives, so that he is generally assisted by the Governor in all his iniquity. As soon as Yanni heard of the matter, he dispatched one of his Cawasses named Khaleel to recover the lime. The Cawass marched boldly to the Effendi's house, and seized the mules, ordering the muleteers to go at once to the house of Tromb, in the name of the American consulate. About twenty Effendis were standing around, and two of them seized the Cawass and shook him. The Cawass did nothing and said nothing, but returned and told Yanni, who at once demanded an explanation from the Governor. We tell Yanni that there is little hope of getting an answer from such a man, and he had better let it go, but he says that it will not do to let the Effendis go on at this rate, or there will be more trouble in the future. A Governor who steals from his own people the means for bribing his Superior the Pasha, to keep him in office, cannot be expected to be very strictly conscientious in doing his duty.

This evening we have Arabic prayers as usual.

SATURDAY, June 12.—The affair of yesterday is making a great stir among the Effendis. The common people all hate the Effendis for their haughtiness and abominable iniquities, and the common name given to them is '*Phariseeyeen*, or Pharisees. The Effendis and the Governor to-day sent out into the village for the man who sold the lime to Tromb, and offered him large bribes if he would take an oath that he sold the lime to Sandrusy, and not to Tromb. The man, though a Moslem, would not do it, but went immediately to Yanni's and there testified in the presence of a great multitude that he sold it to Tromb alone, and then he told the crowd what the Governor had offered him. Did you ever hear of a more rotten Government? There is now war in three or four places north of Tripoli, but the imbecile Governor of Tripoli pays no attention to it.

This afternoon we gathered plums and green corn in Yanni's garden.

MONDAY, June 14.—Yesterday was an unusually warm day. Yanni went to the Meena to conduct the Bible class in the morning, and I preached in the afternoon on the text, "What is that to thee, follow thou me."—Our Metawaleh friend from Kefr Hilda, left us very early in the morning. The number of persons present was not as large as usual, owing to the heat and the fact that many of the people spend their Sundays in the gardens, in the fruit season. In the evening we read one of Dr. John Tauler's sermons which was written 500 years ago. Abdullah Zeidan, one of the Protestants here, is much persecuted by the Greeks in these days. They have taken his apprentice at the shoemaker's trade from him, and are trying to prevent his getting a house.

This morning (Monday) we were gladdened by the receipt of a package of letters from America. We are glad to hear of the safe arrival of our Malta letters, and that you have already rejoiced with us in our pleasant passage. We also rejoice to hear of the progress of the good work among you, though there are still some names of loved ones, which are not found in the list of those who have begun to live for Christ.—We do not cease to pray for them, however, nor for those who have found the Savior. I have faith to believe that the Lord's arm is not yet shortened that it cannot save. The day when our letters come from home is always a day of gratulation and joy, especially when such good news arrives as has come to-day. We both send our christian salutations to those who have begun to follow Christ in earnest. I hope that the young men will go forward at once in the discharge of active christian duties.

To-day has been a busy day. We have at length secured a boy to cook for us in Duma, as we are to keep house by ourselves.—His name is Elias id Deeb, or, Elias the Wolf. He is from one of the villages of the fellahin, and says that he is a *deeb* only in name, and not in nature. We are to pay him sixty piasters or two dollars and forty cents a month. He cannot read or write, but seems very willing to learn. He is to take lessons of Sheheean until we go up to the mountains on the 6th of July, and by that time we hope that he will have learned to wash his hands, and keep things clean enough to be tolerable. I like his appearance thus far. He is very ignorant, and a bigoted Greek, but we will give him constant instruction.

This morning work was commenced in earnest on our church. The carpenters commenced getting out the boards for window frames, and the masons dug holes through the walls on one side, and began to remove the wall on the side next the street. Lumber is very high. We pay twenty cents each for boards three-fourths of an inch in thickness, five feet long, and from six to eight inches wide, and sixty cents for a joist fifteen feet long, and three by seven inches. The workmen move very deliberately. We are obliged to furnish them with all the tobacco they use while in our employ. This is custom, and custom is king. The master carpenter has seventy-two cents a day. The master mason has sixty-eight cents a day.—The carpenters all sit on the floor, and saw boards by holding them with the left hand and the right toes. C. has been greatly diverted by the novel sight of a company of carpenters sitting on the floor, planing boards while sitting on them, and doing other things in like manner.

This afternoon, our Protestant friend, Michael Giurgius from Gherzooz, came to visit us. He conducted the evening prayers in Arabic. He says that the camel driver who was made priest in Gherzooz, comes to his house almost every night for instruction in the Gospel. He (Michaiel) was greatly interested in the Revival news from America, and said, "Would that the Lord would visit us here in the same manner, for surely we need it enough." And so we all think and pray.

TUESDAY, June 15.—The church work is going on as rapidly as we can reasonably expect. I have been to call on Yanni with our Gherzooz friend. He has received as yet no answer from the Governor about the insult to his Cawass. In this land "truth has fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter."—Sheikh Owad, a Moslem teacher who often comes to see us, has become greatly offended with the Governor on account of an insult offered him by the same Sandrusy, and for which the Governor would give him no redress, so Sheikh Owad has left the city in contempt, and gone away for four days to a neighboring village.

This afternoon, two of the girls who attended Sada's school, came to stay two hours with C., to receive instruction in worsted work and reading. This evening I had a long talk with our Gherzooz friend, who intends to unite with the Church in Beirut, on the first Sabbath in July.

WEDNESDAY, June 16.—After spending several hours as usual in study this morning, I went over to superintend our workmen.—They need constant watching or they will spend their time in smoking and talking with the crowds who are attracted by curiosity to see what kind of a church the Protestants are going to make. Saleh, the Moslem friend, spends much of his time in the building, and argues with all who come, insisting that Protestantism is the true faith, if any form of Christianity be true. He is physically one of the strongest men in the city, and to-day when they were tearing down the wall next the street, he took the huge stone slab which was over the door on his head, and lowered it to the ground. It will weigh about three hundred pounds, being of compact limestone, seven feet long, and about a foot square. To-night, Saleh is intending to sleep in the church to keep watch, as the front wall is removed. The Moslems say, "What! sleep in a church, and you a Moslem?" "Yes," he says, "and to-morrow I may pray in it, and who will hinder?"

THURSDAY, June 17.—West wind. Mercury at 78°. I spent two hours overseeing the workmen.

C. studied Arabic four hours without cessation, and I told her that she must not do it again, as we cannot bear as much here as we can when in America.

Saleh has been testifying to the truth to-day in an argument with the Bishop's Shemmas or deacon from the Greek Church.

I saw a boy undergoing punishment in the street for abusing his mother and sister.—His feet were in iron shackles, and a chain around his waist was fastened to them. A man walked behind him with a whip, driving him through the principal streets in the city, and compelling him to kiss the hand of every man, woman, and child. He called out the stone masons, their hands covered with mud, and made the boy kiss them. From what I could learn of the boy, I judge that the punishment was none too severe.

FRIDAY, June 18.—Cool west wind. Mercury 72°. After the usual study this morning, I prepared for the Bible lesson on Sunday. In the afternoon at half past four, C. and I went to the Meena. She rode Mr. Lyon's white horse, and I intended to ride a donkey from the gate, but the donkeys were all at the other end of the route, so I walked by C's side to the Meena. We called on Abu Selim, and I left C. there to talk with the women, while I went with Abu Selim to look after a box containing some cooking utensils which we sent for to Beirut. I bought two or three fine sponges for daily use, as this is the season of the sponge fisheries, when immense quantities of them are gathered by men who dive for them in the sea. We returned in the cool of the evening, and I was more fortunate in getting a donkey.

SATURDAY, June 19.—Cool, windy day.—As usual, we have had our floor washed today, to get rid of the fleas. The box arrived safely from Beirut. The church work moves on in good style, and by keeping a constant watch on the workmen, we get a tolerable amount of work out of them. Yanni's mother, Im Antonius, has been quite unwell to-day, and C. has been over to doctor her. She recommended certain remedies, but Im Antonius was very childish, and refused to take them, but at length consented, and this evening she is better. The whole expenses of the week in our church, including the wages of four carpenters, three stone cutters, the price of fifteen hundred pounds of lime, and all the nails, boards, and other materials used, have amounted to about eighty dollars, or two thousand piasters. One of our Protestants, Abdullah Zeidan, has been in trouble to day. Two boys, a Moslem and a Greek, were quarreling, when he interfered and shook the Moslem boy. A Moslem then came up and cursed Abdullah and his father. Abdullah lost control of himself and answered cursing with cursing, so that the Moslem knocked him down and kicked him. Poor Abdullah came to Yanni for redress, but Yanni told him that he had violated the commands of God by cursing and being angry, and he could not promise to give him any redress. It is very difficult for men in this land to give up lying, cursing, and stealing, and even those who are trying to follow Christ often find themselves going far astray, so that we can understand the frequent expressions in Paul's epistles with regard to lying, stealing, &c., as applied even to those who had received the gospel. Elias, our teacher, has been in a great discussion to-day with the Greek Priests and Bishop.

MONDAY, June 21.—Yesterday was a very hot day. I rode to the Meena to preach in the morning, as Mr. Lyons had a headache and was not able to go. We had the usual Bible Class here in the afternoon. A Greek priest was present in the Meena, and I asked him if he ever worked on Sunday. He said no—never, unless there was some money to be made. This morning, a paper from the Greek Patriarch was read in the Greek Church, thundering against the Protestants. It commanded the people never to send their children to our school again, and to have no more to do with us. Many of the Greeks are greatly enraged at such an interference by the Patriarch. The Patriarch saw the notice of our examination in the Arabic newspaper, and was offended that such publicity should be given to the work of the Protestants. The fact, too, that we are going on steadily with the building of our church, excites the animosity of the Priests and the Bishops here, and they are doing all that they can to oppose us. But the thunders of the Patriarch came in a very good time for us. Our school is suspended for three months, to allow Sada to go to Hums, and we are just going to Duma, so that the people can afford to obey the Patriarch for a few months.

Saleh said in the afternoon that the people were beginning to call him Protestant, but he did not fear to be called anything. We asked him if he kept the Sabbath, he said no, as he observes Friday, the Moslem Sabbath; "but," said he, "perhaps the command which is binding on you, will soon become binding on me also, if the Lord so wills it."

In the evening we had our usual English service, and I read "Religion in Common Life." To-day, I have been studying Arabic and beginning a sermon on the text, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

The work of our church has been going on. The front wall is finished. It is a thin wall built up under the great grained arch. The upper part belongs to another person.—We have a door, two windows, and a little ventilator above. When the whole is done inside, I will send you a full plan of it. The seats are to be somewhat like those in the lecture room in Montrose, though stronger. The pulpit will have an arched recess behind it, and two windows above, under the grained arch.

TUESDAY, June 22.—One year ago at this time, I was near Malta on my way to America. To-day we are all well, and the Lord is prospering us as much as all can desire. We only need the outpouring of God's spirit upon us and this people that we may be more faithful.

LETTER FROM REV. H. H. JESSUP.

TRIPOLI, Syria, June 19, 1858.

MY DEAR FATHER:—I write to send you a copy of the contract which secures to us a building which we are now fitting up for a Church. As I have stated before, it is about thirty feet by forty and quite high. It is in an eligible situation, and we made a remarkably good bargain in getting it for two hundred and eighty dollars.

The business transaction by which we secured it, is nominally a *lease* for seventy years, but in reality an out and out purchase, as thirty years possession gives the right of ownership in this land. The Moslems all say to us: "You have made a good bargain, and the property is fairly yours," and they very truly say, "Who will claim it after you have had it for seventy years?" In the tenth article of the Contract, you may be surprised to read that we utterly ignore and disavow all connection with the Mohammedan law although we are under a Mohammedan Government. This is because the contract was drawn up at the Belgian Consulate, and all parties agreed to let the Moslem law take care of itself, as in the first place it is utterly crooked and involved, and secondly, the only one who can legally seal a contract drawn up under Moslem law, is the city Judge or Kadi (Cadi) who generally denies his own seal after a week or ten days, and requires you to bring four witnesses to swear that they saw him sign it. Moslem law would be a good study for a "Philadelphia lawyer," as the proverb has it.

The contract is as follows:

"*Reasons of the writing and order of its lines.*"

"It is this:—At the time of this writing there were present at the Vice Consulate of the Kingdom of Belgium (the exalted) in Tripoli of Syria, all of the signers of this instrument, namely: the Howadji Antonio Yanni, Vice Consul of America (the exalted) in Tripoli, and the Howadjis, the Missionaries the Americans who are found in Tripoli, and they, the Missionary Jerre Lorenzo Lyons and the Missionary Henry Harris Jessup, of the first part, and Saieed Mohammed and his brother Saieed Ahmed, the sons of Saieed Ibrahim Shellaby of the Islam of Tripoli of the second part; and all of these in the perfection of their health and in successful business in respect to the laws of the city, made an agreement on the rental and hiring of the place herein described for the term of seventy years. And this was done of their full pleasure and acceptance and choice, without violence or threats, according to the terms of agreement which follow: viz:—1st. Saieed Mohammed and Saieed Ahmed Shellaby above mentioned, according to their proprietorship and right to lease, have rented to the American Howadjis above mentioned the house arched with grained arches, built of cut stone and lime, which is called the Baket (or great Magazine) of the House of Shellaby, and which is a house of a great arch, and which also has a door and window on the street, situated in the Greek quarter of the city, near the Birket (or pool) Boortaseeyer, and bounded on the south and west by the Magazine the Moolah Mustapha Abu Hassan the Butcher, on the east by the House of Shellaby which leases this house, and north by the traveled street, and on it the door.

And this is of the 'Wukoff,' or property standing as an inheritance perpetual in the family and belonging to these two owners, without their sister the Sit Ammoone or any others, according to the legal division of the property during the year past. And they have the right to dispose of it lawfully, and this on a lease of seventy years, the beginning of the lease to be on the first of June (western time) in the year of Jesus Christ eighteen hundred and fifty-eight (1858)—and this month happens in the middle of the month Shoowal, the year of the Hegira one thousand two hundred and seventy-four, (1274) and the end of the lease will be in the year of Jesus Christ nineteen hundred and twenty-eight (1928)—a legal lease, confirmed by acceptance and acknowledgment, and by giving up and receiving the amount of seven thousand piastres Osmanli ($280,00) paid in advance at the rate of 100 piastres (or four dollars) a year rental, and ten piastres (or forty cents) to be paid yearly, beginning with June 1st, 1858.

2nd. The Howadjis above mentioned have leased the place above mentioned, through their control of their own affairs, and their office as agents of the Missionary Society in America:—that is, the whole of the arched room mentioned, for the price above stipulated, a part in advance and a part yearly, in all pleasure and acceptance; and paid the seven thousand piastres in advance in current and lawful money, and covenanted to pay yearly ten piastres, now and henceforth to the end of the 70 years.

3d. After the leasing of the room above mentioned the room mentioned shall become, *in all ownership and right*, under the *control and authority* of the Howadjis the lessees above mentioned, just as if they had bought it by a clear sale. And this authority extends to its removal, rebuilding, changing of its shape, or making it in what style they wish, this is the object they had in view in leasing it. [I may as well remark here, that there is another house *above* our church, which does not belong to us, and yet we have a legal right to *remove ours* if we wish, and let the upper one take care of itself. Of course we shall never remove it.] And all which they expend in this way, be it more or less, without limit or question as to how much, shall be from their own purse (the lessees) and shall be charged to the lessors, as a debt upon them to the lessees, without either permission, or knowledge or investigation on the part of the lessors or their successors, or any others or those who have charge of the *workoff* (or tax,) nor can the lessors investigate the accounts of the lessees or what they expend, but must leave all to the truth and honor of the lessees, who keep their accounts at the *American Consulate in Tripoli.*

4th. All the rights of the lessees shall also be the rights of their children or successors in the Consulship and in the Missionary office, that is the rights of lease, and control of the building and the payment of the ten piastres yearly, in this manner. And all that is binding on the lessors shall also be binding on their heirs children and successors, and whoever takes their place.

5th. After the expiration of the 70 years, the lessors have no right to take the house above mentioned, or to increase the rate of rent, in case the lessees or their successors wish to rent the house again, either for one year or many years, for the above mentioned price, that is 110 piastres a year, without increase or decrease.

6th. The lessees above mentioned, and their successors, and they alone, have the right to return the property at the end of seventy years, and they can only be required to do this in case the lessors or their successors, pay back to them or their successors, the amount which has been expended upon the house from the time of the beginning of the lease to its end, according to the account in the book kept under the seal of the American Consulate above mentioned, without interest or an appraisal (by the lessors) or diminution.

7th. In case the lessors or their successors will not receive the house and pay this amount (at the end of 70 years) or have not means to do it, the lessees cannot compel them to pay the amount expended on it, but it shall remain in the hands of the lessees, their heirs or successors, to let it, or sell out the expenses on it, without objection or hindrance. And there shall be no need of asking permission from their successors, provided the lessees pay yearly the one hundred and ten piastres above mentioned.

8th. Before the expiration of the 70 years, the lessors or their successors have no right in any way to break this contract, even tho' they should pay back the amount expended in repairs, and the which went from that time onward, excepting that there should happen to them violence or threats or notorious injury on the part of the local government, or from the law or from the wukoff, or from the populace, or in case the American Consul in Tripoli or Beirut cannot protect or shield them (the lessors) by all means in their power, in which case the lessees or their successors shall descend from this agreement without violence, at their pleasure, on the following terms, viz: that the lessors shall repay the expenses on the house and the rent remaining, and all with interest (compound) at the rate of ten per cent. And if the lessors or their successors cannot repay this money, then the lessees or their successors can give up the house to whatever person may pay on behalf of the lessors or their successors, whether from the Moslems, or the Government, or the agents of the "Wukoff."

9. All the money laid out on the building for temporary or perishable repairs, pertaining to ornament or beautifying, such as paint or white wash, which is not necessary for the preservation of the building, or renewal of the locks or window glass, &c., or repairs of things broken—other than durable structures, and things not connected with temporary adornment, or things needed to preserve the building,—this shall not be entered in the account of expenses which is kept at the Consulate—since the amount expended as found in the Consulate account, is to be repaid to the lessees after the seventy years.

10th. The lessees aforementioned and their successors to the end of the term of rental, *are not bound to regard the Mohammedan law*, or any objection from it, or any sectarian prohibition, whether it confirms or opposes this contract, excepting what is mentioned in the 8th article of this Contract.

And on this sheet there is mutual consent and agreement and Saieed Mohammed and Saieed Ahmed Shellaby have received the amount of seven thousand piasters ($280,00) from the Howadjis above mentioned, and have delivered up to them the house, by lawful transfer, that they make of it the above mentioned disposition, and they have written two copies of this Contract, one for the lessors and the other for the lessees.

Given the 25th day of May, 1858. .8581

SIGNED BY

J. L. LYONS. [L.S.] MOHAMMED SHELLABY [L.S.]
H. H. JESSUP [L.S.] AHMED SHELLABY, [L.S.]
ANTONIO YANNI, [L.S.]

WITNESSED BY

Saieed Ahmed Raghib Mufti Zaniee; Abdullah Seroff; Michael Hooree; Giurgius Bishbash; Alexander Catsaflitz; Amr il Wawee, Kawass of American Consul; Ibrahim il Wawee; Abd il Wehed il Kinafatee (kinaffy maker) Belgian Kawass; Michael Zeraoonee; Ahmed Sultan, Prussian Kawass; Abdullah Yanni; Yakoob Habeeb."

With regard to the cost of our Church, I cannot state the exact amount. The Mission voted us $400, which we were to apply for to the Board at home. Then we hoped to get one or two hundred dollars here from the Protestant natives and the English residents of Beirut. But since hearing of the finances of the Board we are going to try to raise as much as possible here, and perhaps may not be obliged to call on the Board at all. We paid $280 for the house. Last week we expended $80 in buying lime, lumber, &c., and paying carpenters and masons. We hope to raise as much as three hundred dollars in Beirut, and perhaps more. I have written to the Sunday School children for a bell, and I am writing to Mr. W. about a curtain for the partition in the Church. We have given up the plan of having a stone floor—it is to be made of a cheap cement, which will last until the Protestants here can afford to get the stone necessary. You know not how it gratifies us to see the Church edifice so near completion. We bought it at an exceedingly low price—we would not sell it for three times what we gave for it, and as Yanni says, "Satan must have been asleep when that bargain was made, or we could not have got it so cheap." Please remember me to my friends among the clergymen whom you meet in traveling about the country.

Your affectionate Son,
HENRY HARRIS JESSUP.

MADNESS OF GEORGE III.

Little is known respecting the nature of the delusions which possessed the king's mind, but the following passage from Lord Eldon's papers indicates one of them:

"It was agreed that, if any strong feature of the king's malady appeared during the presence of the council, Sir Henry Halford should, on receiving a signal from me, endeavor to recall him from his aberrations; and, accordingly, when his Majesty appeared to be addressing himself to two of the persons whom he most favored in his early life, long dead, Sir Henry observed, 'Your Majesty ha, I believe, forgotten that —— and —— both died many years ago.' 'True,' was the reply, 'died to you and to the world in general, but not to me. You, Sir Henry, are forgetting that I have the power of holding intercourse with those whom you call dead. Yes, Sir Henry Halford,' continued he, assuming a lighter manner, 'it is in vain, so far as I am concerned, that you kill your patients. Yes, Dr. Baillie —— but, Baillie, Baillie,' pursued he, with resumed gravity, 'I don't know. He is an anatomist; he dissects his patients, and then it would not be a resuscitation merely, but a recreation, and that, I think, is beyond my power.'"

The following memoranda of his condition from 1812 till his death, are given by an anonymous writer, but are well authenticated, I believe, and comprise all that I have been able to find respecting this period:

"At intervals he still took a lively interest in politics. His perception was good, though mixed up with a number of erroneous ideas; his memory was tenacious, but his judgment unsettled; and the loss of royal authority seemed constantly to prey upon his mind. His malady seemed rather to increase, than to abate up to the year 1814, when at the time the allied sovereigns arrived in England, he evinced indications of returning reason, and was made acquainted with the astonishing events which had recently occurred. The queen, one day, found the afflicted monarch engaged in singing a hymn, and accompanying himself on the harpsichord. After he had concluded the hymn, he knelt down, prayed for his family and the nation, and earnestly supplicated for the complete restoration of his mental powers. He then burst into tears, and his reason suddenly left him. But he afterwards had occasionally lucid moments. One morning [illegible] to tell he asked who was dead. 'Please your Majesty,' said an attendant, 'Mrs. S.' 'Mrs. S.!' rejoined the king; 'she was a linen draper, at the corner of —— street, and brought up her family in the fear of God. She has gone to heaven; I hope I shall soon follow her.' He now became deaf and imbibed the idea that he was dead, and said, 'I must have a suit of black, in memory of George III., for whom I know there is a general mourning.' In 1817 he appeared to have a faint glimmering of reason again; his sense of hearing returned more acute than ever, and he could distinguish persons by their footsteps. He likewise recollected that he had made a memorandum many years before, and it was found directly where he indicated. After 1818 he occupied a long suit of rooms, in which were placed several pianos and harpsichords; at these he would frequently stop during his walk, playing a few notes from Handel, and then stroll on. He seemed cheerful, and would sometimes talk aloud, as if addressing some nobleman; but his discourse bore reference only to past incidents, for he had no knowledge of recent circumstances, either political or domestic. Toward the end of 1820, his appetite began to fail. In January, 1820, it was found impossible to keep him warm; his remaining teeth dropped out, and he was almost reduced to a skeleton. On the 27th, he was confined wholly to his bed, and on the 29th of January, 1820, he died, aged 82 years."—*American Journal of Insanity.*

Piquant Anecdote.

A spice merchant of Constantinople, carrying a piece of fine cloth to a tailor, desired to have a cloak made out of it, and inquired if there was enough. The artist, having measured the stuff, declared it to be sufficient, and then requested to know the cost of it.

"Five sequins," replied the customer, "was the price; and, considering the quality, that is not at all dear."

The tailor paused a moment:

"I am but a beginner in the trade," said he to the spice dealer, at length, "and money is an object to me. Give me two sequins and I will show you how you may save three in this affair."

"I agree," said the other, and the money was produced and paid.

"It is well!" said the man of the needle. "I am a person of my word. This cloth has cost you five sequins, and I have promised to save you three. Take it to some other tailor, and Allah direct you to one of more experience—for I have never made such a dress as you want, and if I attempt it, it will certainly be spoiled."

This reminds us of an anecdote related of Sheridan, who went to a hair-dresser to order a wig. On being measured, the barber who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshments in an inner room. Here he showed so much genuine hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched. When they rose from the table and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said:

"On reflection, I don't intend you shall make my wig."

Astonished, and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed—

"Good Heaven! Mr. Sheridan, how can I have displeased you?"

"Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow; and I repeat it, you shan't make the wig, for I never intend to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."

The Printer and the Dutchman.

A Dutchman sitting at the door of his tavern in the far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder:

"Vell, Misther Valking Schtick, vat you vant?"

"Rest and refreshments," said the printer.

"Supper and lotchin I reckon?"

"Yes, sir, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee pedler, mit chewelry in your pack, to sheat the gals?"

"No, sir, I am no Yankee pedler."

"A singing-master, too lazy to work?"

"No, sir."

"A shenteel shoe-maker vat loves to measure te gals' feet and hankles better tan to make te shoes?"

"No, sir, or I should have mended my own shoes."

"A book achent, vat bodders te school committee till da do vat you vish choost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again, sir. I am no book agent."

"Te tydfels! a dentist, preaking to people's jaw at a dollar a shung, and running off mit my daughter?"

"No, sir, I am no tooth-puller."

"Phrenologus, ten, feeling the young folks' head like so much cabbitch?"

"No, I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, ten, vat te mischief can you be?—Choost tell, and you shall have the best sassage for supper, and shtay all night, free gratis, nut out a cent, and a chill of whiskey to start mit in the morning."

"I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer at your service."

"Votsch dat?"

"A printer, sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot printsh nooshpapers! oh yaw! yaw! ah, dat ish it. A man vot prints nooshpapers! Yaw! yaw! Vaulk up! a man vot printsh nooshpapers! I vish I may be shot if I did not tink you vas a poor old district school master, who vorks for notin' aud boards round, I thought you vas him."

A Yankee.

THE Boston *Olive Branch* having called the editor of the New York *Times* a Yankee, the *Atlas* man gets up the following:

But we own up to the Yankee, and feel no little pride in it; but we didn't hail from Berkshire exactly. We have dropped pumpkin seed and have eaten hasty pudding and milk in New Hampshire, and have plowed, mowed, reaped, and logged it in the State of Maine. We have fished for minnows with a pin-hook, and carried our bread and butter to school; and we have been log-driving on the Kennebec river; we have coaxed a club-footed girl to slide down hill made slippery by the fall of pine leaves, on her feet, for the fun of seeing her catch her toes and roll over and over, and have gone into the swamps with two yoke of oxen and a bob tailed sled, when the snow was five feet deep, and felled trees and "twitched" logs all day, and went home at night fall to "[illegible]," we have been to a few prayer meetings, that's a fact, and we've been to "huskings," too, and "apple-bees," "raisings," and "militia musters."

We have helped to make cider, and afterwards set "a-straddle" of a barrel, and sucked it with a straw. We have set up at night in a saw-mill, and have set up all night with a "gal." We have high opinions of johnny-cake and "sassenger," and we have frequently had a gagger in the making of the latter; we have eaten our share of codfish and potatoes, with pork scraps, and we guess we have licked a proper portion of 'lasses candy, and also boys; we have pulled flax for ninepence a day, because we had a sick headache and could not go to school, and have had teeth pulled with a piece of strong thread, and have popped corn in the ashes; we have turned the grindstone all day to sharpen a new axe, swopped jack-knives, broken steers and colts, set traps for skunks and woodchucks, tapped our own shoes, "licked" the schoolmaster, robbed the milk-pans of the cream and laid it to the cat, pitched into the apple "sass," hooked maple sugar, and numberless other things "too numerous to mention."

JUDICIAL HUMOR.—The *Law Review* gives the following as some instances of the humor of the late Mr. Justice Maule: "May God strike me dead, my lord, if I did it," exclaimed a convicted prisoner on the announcement of the verdict; for a marked space the Judge sits in an attitude of expectation, jury and spectators wondering what next; at last, he breaks the silence: "As Providence has not seen fit to interpose, the sentence of the Court is," &c. "You have already read that section four times, Mr. ——; it's iteration; it's ——, I use no epithet, it is iteration!" with a look that implies an anathema.—A city policeman states that he is in the "hen" (N division;) "Do your mean the poultry?" inquires the Judge. "Out with it, the ladies don't mind it, and you needn't be afraid of me," was his exhortation to a hesitating witness, in a case from which it might have been expected that the softer sex would long since have retired, but which they were manfully sitting out, while the evidence grew hotter and hotter, and at last reached its climax.

EFFECTS OF TITLES.—The New York *Evening Post*, in referring to the annual exercises of the literary institutions and the number of graduates thrown upon the country, gives the following illustration of the magical effects which the bestowal of titles sometimes produces:

"This is the season, too, for sowing the annual crop of doctorates. In the morning many persons will arise men, and in the evening will go to bed Doctors of Divinity or Doctors of Civil and Canon Law. There are some cases when the conferring of the degree of Doctor of divinity does great good. It sometimes puts a sudden end to the complaints of a too fault-finding congregation. The story is told of a clergyman in a New England village, who had been in the same pastorate for many years, and who found his influence at length sensibly diminishing. His people desired a change—they wanted a smarter man. Some of his friends, however, signed a petition, carried it to a New England college, and finally the doctorate was conferred on the aged pastor. The degree worked like a charm. His remaining years were spent in peace among his people, and they followed him lovingly to his burial. [illegible]